# THE COMPANION,

## AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.—

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*And let the aspiring youth beware of love;*
*Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,*
*When on his heart the torrent softness pours.*
*Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame*
*Dissolves in air away: while the fond soul*
*Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,*
*Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace;*
*The exciting smile; the modest-seeming eye—*
*Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,*
*Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death;—*
*And still false warbling in his cheated ear,*
*Her Syren voice, enchanting draws him on,*
*To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.* THOMSON.—

*Mr. Easy,*

AT a time when the communications of your philosophic correspondent, SIDNEY, are acquiring laurels for their author; I cannot refrain from adding my name to the list of his admirers: For he is justly entitled to applause, so far, as a philanthropic and patriotic disposition, combined with elegance of language, and just arrangement of ideas, are capable of arresting the attention.—But an essay, possessed of all these qualifications, at the same time that rectitude of sentiment and soundness of opinion are excluded; at the same time that facts and experience are resigned to the sway of visionary speculations; may be compared to a library of elegantly gilded blank books, whose external appearance delights the eye; while within, their empty pages afford no pabulum for the intellects. I hope it will not be attributed to a spirit of contention in me, if I attempt to break a twig from the branch that adorns his forehead.

In the 7th number of the Companion appeared a piece of his, which contains principles, in my humble opinion, altogether erroneous. He has there given advice to parents, which I can by no means suppose to be salutary. As a mean of obtaining the acquiescence of the aged to his opinions, he tells us of the revolutions, which Luther effected in religion, and Copernicus and Bacon in philosophy; thence concluding (I suppose) that it is as fit the revolution which he proposes should take place, as those beforementioned. But instead of its being as important in its event as their's, it would be a change in most instances altogether subversive of matrimonial happiness.

For the sake of perspicuity, I will examine his arguments in the order in which he has advanced them. In the first place, he asserts that it is the intention of nature, by gifting us with extravagant passions in youth, that an early union of the sexes should take place. An assertion no less vague than it is injurious. The passion of which he speaks, if I understand him right, inhabits the hearts of boys and girls from the age of ten years and upwards; and yet whose reason is so far prostituted, as to believe that it is the intention of nature, that a child ten years old should be entangled in the shackles of matrimony. But I would not have my readers to suppose, because I have contradicted the above assertion of the enlightened Sidney, that I shall pretend to account for the phenomenon. I esteem it, like many other acts of Providence, mysterious, and past the comprehension of feeble man. Notwithstanding philosophers, by their hypothetical reasoning would fain make us believe otherwise.

Besides reason teaches us the impropriety of marriage at a very early age. As inexperience and temerity are generally the concommitants of youthfulness; it may with safety be concluded, that those two faults will operate in the choice of a partner for life; a choice which, above all others, requires maturity of judgment, and acuteness of observation, to make happy.

If Sidney's opinion were generally adopted, I cannot forbear to repeat it, the worst consequences would inevitably ensue. The young man, instead of waiting till length of years ripened his judgment; instead of waiting

till experience pointed out to him the path which he should pursue; hurried on by the first impulse of a tempestuous passion, regardless of the consequences, and not taking sufficient care to pry into the temper and disposition of her, whom his "heart delighteth to please," before he is aware of it (by premature marriage) plunges himself into a gulph of misery and unhappiness, from which nothing can rescue him but the friendly hand of death. For it would be as possible, for the "Ethiopian to change his skin, or the leopard his spots," as for a man and woman of jarring tempers to live happy.

On the contrary, the man who patiently waits until the most vehement storm of his passions is blown over, until the empire of his reason (by which every temperate man is guided in all his transactions) is more firmly established, at the same time that he is aided by that caution and deliberation, which nothing but experience and observation can confer, proceeds with slow and careful steps until he obtains the object of his ambition. He carefully scrutinizes her every motion and action. He diligently examines her temper and disposition, and compares them with his own; at the same time he asks himself these questions—do they coincide with mine? would she suit me as a companion for life? And the matrimonial happiness which he afterwards enjoys, amply compensates him for his pains. For disappointments rarely take place in such instances.

Nor has Sidney more happily refuted the objection which he has thrown in the way of his own arguments tending to shew the utility of early marriage. He tells us that enemies of early marriage will plead that "science and knowledge" sustain a great and deplorable misfortune from the "early union of the sexes;" but he hopes to shew that, "that argument rests on a sandy foundation." Let us now examine his arguments and see how far he has succeeded. Love he pronounces to be the serious evil, that causes a young man in a state of celibacy to turn his back on the temple of science. But this is a kind of logic, to which I cannot be altogether reconciled. I acknowledge, that in some instances, it may prove a stumbling-block to those, who, if their minds were tranquil and composed, might illuminate and instruct the world by their writings. But it is so seldom that genius suffers love to predominate in the breast where it has its habitation, that we need not be under much apprehension for its safety, or at least not so much so, as to justify us in seeking a remedy in the expedient, which Sidney recommends. For in that case the old maxim, "jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire," would be verified. The man, he says, who is tied by the bands of matrimony is the person calculated to shed new lustre on, and make improvements in science; because his mind is free from those "imaginary terrors and apprehensions," which the enamoured young man ever experiences for the "idol of his heart."

But it would appear that Sidney, in his rage for advocating what he has advanced, considered only the arguments which might be adduced in favour of it, while he was quite unconscious of what might be urged in opposition. It would seem, that he thought when a man was once married, he might sail calmly and quietly down the stream of time, without meeting with any shoals or rocks to impede his course, or against which he might be dashed. He did not consider, that he had a family to take care of, and provide for. He did not consider, that his occupation or employment in life (I say occupation, because he must possess a *transcendent genius* indeed, that lives by his literary pursuits alone, on this side the Atlantic) are circumstances, that must ever divide the attention, and distract the mind of an husband; and consequently must be great impediments to the acquisition of knowledge and improvement of science. Upon the whole, it appears evident to me, that science has more to depend upon from the labours of unmarried men, than from that of those entangled by "Hymen's silken bands."

Again he says—"But the acquisition of knowledge is not the only point to be gained, by entering into marriage at an early period of life." He then goes on to tell us, what other advantages are to be expected from it. But I must candidly confess, that this is a paragraph, from which I can derive but little argument. The warmth of his imagination hurries him on to extremes. He paints in glowing colours, the pleasurable sensations of a "father beholding his son the pillar of his country, or in seeing him with a victorious arm repel the aggressions of the enemies of the state, and his daughter extending the hand of charity to the poor and oppressed, or by her manners refining and illuminating her country." With him I admit this to be a delightful scene; but I cannot suppose this to be an argument in any degree calculated to promote his wished for revolution. Is this privilege (I would ask Sidney) exclusively granted to those who are early married? I presume he will hardly answer in the affirmative; if he should, the irresistible conclusion in my mind would be, that common experience, the dictates whereof he professes to lay before his readers, is against him. For reason and experience both teach me, that the reverse of this is true. If we wish to view parents in the happy situ-

ation, which Sidney has so feelingly described, we must turn our attention to those fathers, and mothers, who have protracted their marriage till such a time as age justifies the act. For the following reasons.

They are then capable of educating their offspring in a proper manner. They consider it both their duty and their interest, to instill into their youthful minds, the beauty and advantages of virtue, while they are as careful to discover to them, the deformity and heinousness of vice. They are sedulous in training them up in the ways of religion; in short, they leave nothing undone, which they think may tend to their happiness as individuals, or to their usefulness as citizens. Always keeping in view the sentiments of the poet—

" 'Tis education forms the tender mind;
" Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

These are the parents, who may live in expectation of seeing their sons " the pillars of their country," and their daughters, " by their manners, refining and illuminating it."

To every virtuous and philanthropic mind, it must be matter of great " sorrow" to see the number of voluptuaries that infest all cities of importance. To see chastity so degraded and so many adorers at the shrine of infamy, is enough to make even the heart of the licentiate bleed. But whether the change, which Sidney proposes, would act as an antidote to this most debasing of all crimes, I think will admit of prevarication. The young man, who through thoughtlessness or precipitancy, has attached himself to a woman, with whom he lives unhappily, in consequence of the disconsonance of their dispositions; unable to content himself at home, betakes himself to the company of dissolute and abandoned men, with whom he is associated in all acts of dissipation and profligacy; men whose greatest joy consists in the enjoyment of their cups; who think of nothing but how they may procure to themselves momentary happiness, in defiance of the denunciations of heaven against them, " athwart whose minds a ray of goodness never shot." With such associates as these, he runs on from one degree of wickedness to another, until he becomes as totally overwhelmed in the whirlpool of vice as any person, who had never enlisted under the banners of Hymen. And this man's crimes are the more atrocious, as he involves himself in disgrace, of which his wife and children must participate.

It must indeed be acknowledged, that instances of this kind are not plenteous (which God forbid) yet examples are not wanting. Wherefore, as the good effects that might be expected from early marriage are counterbalanced by the bad effects that sometimes ensue; I must give a decided vote against the projected revolution.

I conclude with the opinion established by the justly celebrated Lycurgus, in that salutary system of laws, which so long preserved the prosperity of the Lacedæmonians, and which has rendered him no less famous as a law-giver, than the eloquence of Cicero has made him, as an orator; namely—*That men and women should not marry, until they arrived at the age of maturity.*

PHILOGAMUS.

*Harford, January* 1806.

We are requested by " a number of Young Ladies" to publish the following Letter to the gentleman who, in our 4th number, (vol. 2) so kindly advised his smitten brethren how to proceed in love affairs. We have sufficient confidence in the gentleman's gallantry (for we are all happy in being permitted to dance attendance at a lady's beck) to anticipate a prompt and generous acquiescence in the wishes of this fair embassy. " Let not a lady sue in vain," is a sentiment always uppermost in the minds of those who deserve the smiles of the fair.

Most people are willing to believe, that the ladies need no instruction in the art of entangling their game: we do not subscribe to the unqualified declaration; for there are many innocent daughters of Eve, who, notwithstanding their mother's high culpability, would rather be doomed to lead apes than win unfairly the heart of any poor swain. From this persuasion it is, we hope to receive rules and regulations for the guidance of the dear creatures, in the truly delightful game of man-catching.

*Mr. Easy,*

A few evenings ago a party of us young folks were collected together at the house of a friend. The principal topic of conversation for the greater part of the evening, was relative to the " advice" of your correspondent P. W. Some of the young gentlemen seemed not to approve of your last observations on that essay, and triumphed not a little on finding a friend who so ably pointed out so effectual a method, by which they might be directed when caught in Cupid's snares. Upon the whole, we were all very glad that you served up that " ample dish," as conversing upon it afforded us very great amusement, and as it served for that pleasing " variety" which is so essential in a periodical paper.

Various conjectures were formed by us, respecting the author of this *superlative advice*, as the gentlemen called it. Some would have him to be an old Bachelor,

who, by his experience in love affairs, had made such an improvement on the manner of addressing the ladies. Others asserted that he was a married man, who had tried the plan with success, and who thought he would do good to other lovers by making it known to them. "You are all mistaken," says a young gentleman present, who had not before taken part in the conversation; "I have a tolerably correct idea of the writer of the piece alluded to, and can assure you that he is a young man of irreproachable character and much respected by all who know him, and is also a zealous advocate of the fair sex. I have seen some essays, which he has written for his own pastime, in which he has displayed great sublimity of thought in extoling female virtue." Oh! then, exclaimed we all at once, if he be such as you describe, we have a great claim upon his sympathy. So we resolved among ourselves to request him through the "Companion" (for Mr. Easy, who is so great a friend of ours, will certainly give publicity to our piece) to write an advice for *ladies* in love. For we humbly beg leave to insinuate to Mr. P. W. that from the very great spirit of celibacy which now-a-days is so widely diffused amongst the gentlemen, the disease has become very prevalent amongst us. Influenced by the idea of shortly receiving "valuable prescriptions" from him, we subscribe ourselves,—

A NUMBER OF YOUNG LADIES.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

### THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION.

This is one of the most ancient spirits we have. It is nearly eighteen hundred years since it first appeared, and for some centuries was in high repute and most admirable in its effects, whether taken in the way of diet, or medicine. I know not, indeed, any thing comparable to it in all disorders of the human frame, and it has this peculiar (exclusively so) to it, that its effects will last many years, some say, to all eternity. It keeps good in all weathers, and is adapted to all climates, although it has not been introduced yet into all countries.—After saying so much in its favour, I am sorry to be obliged to add, that there are two reasons why it is not so much in use as it ought to be. The one is, that it requires a degree of abstinence which many men will not submit to; and the second, that there is a false and adulterated mixture which goes under the same name, and which is imposed upon the public as genuine, although it is a poor, tasteless, watery kind of liquor, which never affects the body sensibly, unless, what is very extraordinary, to produce the very evils which the other is intended to remedy. The genuine is a simple spirit, within the compass of every man's ability to purchase; the adulterated is composed of a number of heterogeneous ingredients, and is so expensive that I have known some give up every thing that ought to be dear to a man in order to purchase it. Hence it is confined to certain persons of great opulence, and who do not regard trifles. On the continent it was very fashionable in the courts of princes, but was never experienced to be of the least substantial use in preserving their constitutions, yet they were so attached to it, as scarcely to know that the genuine spirit existed.

In this country, also, a great deal of the spurious kind is sold, but I am happy to add, there is also a great deal of the genuine, and I should hope it would gain ground in the popular opinion, as every day's experience must satisfy us of its great efficacy in healing constitutional sores, and procuring rest when every other medicine has failed. There are particular days appointed for retailing the genuine spirit, and I think that if people would frequent the shops more on those days than they do, they would soon acquire the true relish. I grant that it is not retailed either in equal quantity or quality. I have tasted some a great deal below proof, and some as much above it.—Some likewise mix an acid with it which tends to spoil the effect, as mildness is essential to its purity; and some make it of a blood-red colour, a miserable composition which soon gets into the head, and produces all the effects of the most brutal intoxication. These irregularities in the composition, however, may be very easily avoided, by attending to the original receipt, which is published by authority, and may be had of his majesty's printer.

### THE SPIRIT OF BIGOTRY.

This is the most ardent of all spirits, easily inflammable, expanding with heat, and, like the phosphorus, flames most in the dark. It is so very pernicious in its tendency, that I am surprised it has not long ago been prohibited under the severest penalties. It is, however, compounded in so many various ways, as to have been mistaken for almost every one of the spirits I have already mentioned, particularly the last, to which, however, it is as opposite in cause and effect, as any two things that can well be supposed. It has not always been a favourite in this country, yet the common people sometimes have indulged in it, primarily to the destruction of others, and ultimately to the destruction of themselves. When taken in considerable doses, it produces confirmed lunacy of the most extravagant, and yet, I may add, whimsical kind. The poor creatures who are inebriated with it, take it in their heads that they can an-

swer a pamphlet by burning a house, and convince a man of an error by cutting his throat. This has often been employed on the continent as a substitute for the Spirit of Religion, and is at this day employed there by the names of Spirit of Liberty, Spirit of Equality, Revolutionary Spirit, and various others ; for I must do the parties who drink deepest of this spirit the justice to say, that they seem ashamed of its proper name, and always put a fine-looking label on the bottle to deceive their servants, just as in this country, among certain persons, drams are supposed to be as harmless as water, when called liqueurs, and a bumper of brandy is supposed to have no spirit in it, to those who complain of a spasm !

I have thus, Mr. Editor, endeavoured to sketch the properties and effects of the most fashionable spirits now in use. There are others, undoubtedly, which might have been included, but which I omit for want of sufficient *data*. There is, for example, the Spirit of Liberty, which I once flattered myself I understood a little of, but it has lately been mixed with so many strange ingredients, of opposite natures, one astringent, another opening, one tonic and another weakening, and this by all the great chemists of Europe who have employed their alembics in manufacturing it, that I must candidly confess I know not what to make of it. I am one of the old school, and have not had leisure, perhaps, indeed I am too far advanced in life, to study the new *nomenclature*, for every thing is now called by a new name, and that name as little descriptive of its qualities as well can be supposed. I might say something too of Party Spirit, but I have so frequently seen the miserable effects of this upon some unhappy friends who have indulged in it, that I cannot now bear the taste of it ; and therefore conclude with hoping that you will continue your Magazine with its usual Spirit, and accept the good wishes of,

Your's &c.

GEOFFRY GAUGER.

*FROM LEWIS' COMIC SKETCHES.*

Is it not surprising that a sensible man, who can talk on many subjects with such propriety as to delight his hearers, is very frequently heard to read a news-paper in a tone of voice less modulated, if possible, than the sound of a six-penny drum from the stroke of an infant. For instance, suppose he met with the following paragraph :

" Last night, after eating an hearty supper, died suddenly, with his mouth full of custard, Sir Timothy Tradewell, knight, an amiable companion, an affectionate relation, and a friend to the poor."

He would read it in this manner,

" *Last night* AFTER, *eating a hearty supper* DIED, *suddenly with his* MOUTH, *full of custard Sir* TIMOTHY, *Tradewell knight an* AMIABLE, *companion an* AFEECTIONATE, RELATION, *and a friend to* THE POOR."

It is strange he cannot read as he speaks. How awkward and ridiculous would a person appear coming into a room, and thus saluting the company :

" Your servant, Capt. Wilson. I hope Mrs. Wilson is very well. How do you do, Mr. What-d'ye-call'em —I hope Mrs. What-d'ye-call'em is very well—and Master and Miss What-d'ye-call'em, and all the young What-d'ye-call-'ems ?"

Would not this appear very absurd and ridiculous? And if it does in speaking, why not in reading.

There is another fault very frequently committed in reading, which is considerably worse than what is committed by the greatest of monotonists. This is being so fond of musical sounds, that every thing attempted to be read is in the recitative of a Spanish relator*. Or else they approach very near the doleful ditty of Chevy Chase, or the Spanish Lady. As a specimen.

" As near a barn, by hunger led,
A peacock with the poultry fed ;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
Ti-ti-tum-ti Ti-ti-tum-ti."

The Bathologist is another, who commits as great an impropriety of speech. The most trivial subjects he delivers with all the dignity and consequence of the most important and elevated. Such a character always reminds me of a person rehearsing the tragedy of Tom Thumb. This ridiculous affectation, although it seems a burlesque upon language, was, perhaps, assumed at first to give energy to the dignified, and solemnity to the serious passages of an author. But using it injudiciously has perverted the intention, degraded the author, and exposed to derision the bombastic speaker. It is, therefore, to be lamented that from the two frequent repetition of such an abuse, it is now become so habitual, that we find it exerted indiscriminately on every occasion.

AN EXAMPLE :

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—*white* ;
The dusty collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—*black*.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber— *red*.
Black, red, and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

* In Spain there are persons who relate long stories in recitative, accompanied by the guittar.

Without knowing the rules of either rhetoric or grammar, these evils may be remedied by observing as follows:

1st. Let every person learn to read with the same tone of voice as in speaking.

2dly. Be careful to observe the accent of syllables, and the emphasis upon words.

As the emphasis is the most important and the most frequently mistaken, the necessity of observing it with the most strict attention is exemplified by the various changes of it in the following sentence:

"I must walk up that hill."

These six words admit of six different senses, which are each expressed by altering the place of the emphasis.

Should it be asked,

"*Who* must walk up that hill?"

The answer relating to the person, the emphasis must be placed on the pronoun, which is the first syllable in this sentence, as,

"*I* must walk up that hill."

Should the reason be asked of walking up that hill, the emphasis must be on the auxiliary verb, expressing that you are obliged to walk up the hill. The second word, is, therefore, made emphatical, as,

"I *must* walk up that hill."

Should the *manner* be asked of going up the hill, the emphasis must be on the verb, or third word, as,

"I must *walk* up that hill."

Should the *way* you mean to walk upon the hill, be asked, the emphasis is on the adverb, or fourth word, as,

"I must walk *up* that hill."

Should it be asked *which* hill, the emphasis is on the preposition, or fifth word, as,

"I must walk up *that* hill."

Should it be asked *where* you must walk, the emphasis is on the noun or sixth syllable, as,

"I must walk up that *hill*."

Thus, the chief propriety of speaking, depends on the accuracy of emphasis; for if it be improperly placed, it produces a worse effect than if each word was pronounced alike; for monotony only obscures the sense while it is entirely perverted by erroneous emphasis.

In all questions, the interrogative word is pronounced with a proper emphatical energy.

To explain this properly, I can take no happier method than my present situation prompts me to ask and answer.

*Who* am I before?

My hopes flatter me, a candid and generous audience.

*What* am I doing?

Craving their indulgence.

*How* shall I deserve it?

By pleasing my hearers.

*When* may I accomplish that end?

As the question *when* is generally answered by another *when*; it would be presumptive in me to fix the period. I therefore most respectfully leave it to your judgment and my own endeavours.

But if I come to my last position and ask.

"*Where* am I?"

I easily observe, I *am*, where even an attempt to please cannot be entirely disregarded.

FROM MRS. HUNTER'S

*History of the Grubthorpe Family.*

My father took his seat near my mother, and my sister Penelope placed herself upon his knee.—"We only want our Reginald here," observed my invalid mother, taking his hand; "but to-morrow morning, I hope, he will be with us."—"He must have received my letter," answered my father; "I expect him every hour."—Nothing will prevent it," replied my mother, faintly flushing, "unless he is unfortunately absent from Oxford." My father made no answer, but sighed deeply. I rose and opened the door. "That is not amiss, my dear child," said my mother to me; "the room is too close." Then addressing herself to my sister Penelope, she said, "I see your brother has not cured you of the spirit of monopolizing; you still keep possession of your father's knee, or the little parlour, as you used to call it."—"Oh! there is plenty of room for my dear Gilbert," cried she nestling closer to him; "See! here is more than half: Is there not, papa?" The suddenness of the question; the tender moment; and, it may be a recollection from conscience, that an unoffending, but neglected, child then stood before him as a suppliant for nearly a first embrace, appeared to have confounded my father. He coloured; but holding out his hand to me, said, "You are now too old, Gilbert, for a seat in my little parlour; but not so for one in my bosom." He drew me towards him, and pressing my face to his own, with emotion, said, "God bless you, my poor boy!"

Awakened sensibility gave to this unexpected benediction the tone of relenting nature. Compassion vibrated on his heart; and his melting eyes indicated the passing thought of tender sorrow. It struck on my mother's feeble frame like an electric shock; for a moment her pale countenance was suffused with the fleeting hue of health; her languid eyes beamed with animation and joy; and, suddenly half-raising herself, she, with trembling eagerness, said, "Oh! let me hear these blessed words again, and I die happy! Once more bless your poor Gilbert!

Once more let me behold him in his father's embrace! "Bless your son, my Gilbert," added she, with inconceivable agitation & energy; "receive your Penelope's last test of faith, of truth, and your future comfort!"

"May heaven refuse to hear me in my hour of need;" answered my father, bursting into agonizing tears; "may I be cut off for ever when I refuse to give him the blessing which he has never forfeited, and which you crave for him!—God bless you, my son!" continued he, straining me to his bosom; God for ever bless you, for the sake of that angel who bore you. Oh! implore him, with me, to preserve that life in which is centred all our earthly happiness!"

"It is enough," faintly murmured my mother, sinking on her pillows. "God of my salvation! I am——" Her eyes closed; her lips still moved; a convulsive sigh escaped; and her pure spirit left, without a pang, its fragile, though, even in death, beauteous, prison.

### CUT FOR CUT.

A gentleman amusing himself in the gallery of the *Palais*, a place in Paris somewhat like what our Exchanges formerly were, observed while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stood rather too near him: the gentleman was dressed, according to the fashion of the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels: upon which the thief began to have a design, and the gentleman not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way, to give him an opportunity: the thief immediately set to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags; the gentleman perceived it, and drawing out a penknife, catched the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. Murder! murder! cries the thief. Robbery! robbery! cries the gentleman; upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared, *There are your tags and buttons!* Very well, says the gentleman, (throwing it back in like manner) *there is your ear.*

### FRENCH ADDRESS.

A French gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage. "With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—"Monsieur," answered the man, with great naiveté, "*Je serai dedans*—I shall be in it."

When Foote was at Salt-Hill, he dined at the Castle, and when Patridge produced the bill, which was rather exorbitant, Foote asked him his name, "Patridge, an't please you," said he. "Patridge!" returned Foote, "it "should be Woodcock by the length of your bill."

A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which time he had not been invited to dinner by any one of the parishoners, said, in his farewell sermon, "I have preached against every vice but good living; for "I have not had an opportunity of observing to what an "excess it is carried in this town."

In 1586, Philip II. sent the young Connetable de Castille to Rome, to congratulate Sextus V. on his advancement. The Pope imprudently said, "are there so few "men in Spain that your king sends me one without a "beard?" "Sir," said the fierce Spaniard, "if his "majesty had possessed the least idea, that you imagined "merit lay in a beard, he would doubtless have deputed a "goat to you and not a gentleman."

### RETORT UPON RETORT.

An Irish gentleman being in company with a number of ladies in the rooms at Bath, a little deformed Miss, who was of the party, was very severe on his country, and among other things, asked him how long he had left it? "Faith, Madam," replied he, "I am just come from Dublin to Bath."—"Sir," replied she, "then, considering how short a time you have been in this *more genial clime*, you must be very apt at learning, for you speak *tolerably plain Englsih* already."—"Thank you, Madam," said he, "may I ask you from whence *you* came?"—"O yes, Sir," replied Miss, "I came *straight* from London."—"Did you indeed," added he, "then faith, Madam, *you must have been confoundedly warped by the way*; but I suppose the sun of *this more genial clime*, must have been burning hot."—"Hot as it is," replied she, "it has neither burnt up your Hibernian impudence, nor ripened your Irish wit."—"Faith, madam," returned he, "that is rather harsh; I was in *hopes* that I could have checked your abuse of me and my country, but, upon my conscience, I see, that say what I will, *you are bent upon it.*"

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Cœlebs is a *queer* fellow. We hope his singular turn may more frequently turn to our advantage.

The sentiments of "S" are correct and manly; but his essay bears many marks of great carelessness. We would advise him to *take time*, and write consistently, which we believe he might do.

## *ORIGINAL POETRY.*

### TO A YOUNG LADY

*On her removal to town from the country.*

Why, Maria, dost thou go,
Why forsake thy Strephon so?
Ah! why leave these happy plains,
Where contentment ever reigns?

By your lovely self made gay,
Every month appear'd like May:
Then each nymph and swain were seen,
Sporting jocund o'er the green;
Whilst the nightly dance and song,
Brought delight and love along.

But now lov'd Maria flies;
Ah what different prospects rise!
Former walks delight no more,
And the dance and song are o'er:
Love and joy alike are flown:
With you, too, alas! are gone
Spring and all its gilded treasure,
Mirth and every rural pleasure.

All forlorn appear the bowers;
Cheerless droop the conscious flowers;
For with thee their sweetness flew,
And the peace of Strephon too—

Frequent guests, as heretofore,
Daily crowd our mansion door;
Belles and beaux, delighted, chat,
Now of this thing, then of that;
Happy in each other's praise,
Or who best the joke can raise;
Whilst the generous laugh goes round,
And each soul in mirth is drown'd:

All but mine—mine far away,
To Maria loves to stray;
And while fancy paints thy charms,
To enfold thee in my arms—

Now by moon-light thro' the grove,
With my fair methinks I rove:
While the spring more gaily blooms,
And its former sweets resumes:

Now my lovely girl I lead
O'er the oft trod verdant mead,
Where the lowly wild flower blows,
And sweet fragrance round it throws.

Then along some haunted stream,
Where charm'd Cynthia sheds her beam:
And where Shepherds sometimes see,
All beneath the old oak tree,
Rings of Elfins sporting round,
To the unseen Tabor's sound—

To my fond and throbbing breast,
Now methinks I feel thee press'd;
Now as sudden you are gone,
And once more am I alone—

Lost, I cry in wild dismay
Stay! my lov'd Maria stay!
From the chair in haste I spring,
While all wonder's on the wing;
And each eager belle and beau
All at once desire to know
Where this lov'd Maria flies,
From her doating Strephon's eyes?

Vext I eye the hated room,
And my vacant chair resume;
There to hear from every tongue,
The *tender woes* of Strephon sung.

Thus, each long and tedious day,
Joyless pass the hours away;
And, oh! thus, till you appear,
Joyless still must roll the year. —STREPHON.—

June 1805.

### ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, sweet pow'r, whose fire divine
Our souls exalt, refine and bless,
I kneel before thy sacred shrine,
And with my lays thine altar dress.

Thro' boundless Nature's various plan,
Thy flow'ry chain, wide stretch'd we see,
From insect, atoms, up to man,
And heav'n were joyless but for thee.

Sweet are thy joys, and pure thy fire,
As gales that sweep the vernal plain;
Nor did'st thou ever yet desire
The bashful Virgin's cheek to stain.

Thou fair, whose fiat stops my doom,
What's love without thy soft'ning power?
A fire that kindles to consume;
A savage, conq'ring to devour.

First Love should fix the welcome chain
Then calmer friendship claim its turn;
For rapture too intense is pain,
And hearts should glow that cease to burn.

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